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1976



Stephan McCloskey

the multiverse



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Klipsun is a twice quarterly general purpose magazine,
written and produced by and for the students
of Western Washington State College

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ONE OF MANY

by D. Starbuck Goodwyn

The old man's only comfort was his home-made cigarettes. He sucked on them incessantly. He constructed them with loving care. Exactly so much tobacco, just the right amount of saliva on the paper and a very carefully considered twist to each end.

He lit each one with loving deliberation, then held it between the thumb and index finger, closed his eyes and sucked deeply on the fragile comfort. When the cigarette began to burn his lips, he would very delicately remove the fire, dismantle the cigarette and save each scrap of tobacco that was left. Then he would roll another cigarette.

He hurt my conscience. I wished they would move him to another quonset, but they never did. During the entire three months I taught English to the Vietnamese refugees at Camp Pendleton, I saw the old man all day, six days a week.

From the window of my classroom I couldn't miss him. Every day started the same way. My class started at 8 a.m. and shortly after I started teaching, the old man would step from the door of his quonset and roll his first smoke of the day. He was more than old, he was ancient. His coffee-brown eyes receded far into the muddy stain of his face. He wore the black pajama uniform of the Vietnamese peasant and a pair of shower clogs that had been cast aside by some G.I. And all day long he smoked and looked at nothing.

I wished they would move him. He hurts my conscience. The refugees that came to us at Camp Pendleton

embodied a spectrum that illuminated all the socio-economic sub-groups that inhabit Southeast Asia. We worked with the very rich and the very poor. We worked with the proud and the humble, and we worked with demigods and sincere republicans. We worked and wondered if our efforts were worthwhile. Could we possibly meld this polyglot into a useful whole that would benefit America?

I joined the "Americans Teaching Vietnamese Survival English," incidentally. I had registered for all my courses for the fall quarter 1975 and classes were to commence the next day. A friend mentioned the program. I speak a little Vietnamese, and what the hell, the sun shines and women wear bikinis in Southern California, so I volunteered.

Camp Pendleton, a Marine base, is a few miles north of San Diego. It's one of the largest military bases in the country, and the "Few Good Men" I worked with there turned out to be damn fine men.

The base supported the Refugee Training completely. We received only the finest in their support of our logistical and human needs. Marines, old and young, many of whom had horrific memories of Vietnam, spent countless hours helping us make the program a success.

Eight separate refugee camps were established at Pendleton. Nestled in the sere brown hills of San Diego County, the camps provided all the creature comforts for



the confused refugees that the Marines could muster. Cooks learned Asian dishes, transportation people ran special taxi service, small Base Exchanges were established throughout the base, and Special Services provided nightly shows for each camp.

Pendleton was only one part of San Diego that went all-out to support the program. People from the county — and surrounding counties — opened their hearts to the Asian arrivals.

They came from the country, towns and cities bearing gifts, encouragement and invitations into their homes. On Monday mornings, classes were impossible. The refugees were too busy discussing the events of the unbelievable Sunday and exclaiming over the magic of Disneyland or the California freeways. I experienced a revival of the tarnished plaque on our Statue of Liberty that ends, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest host, to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

The residents were sweetly wonderful, The Marines were great, but the teachers were fantastic.

They were teachers, students and people interested in people. They worked for a pittance that usually failed to pay their mileage and food, but they worked with a sincere dedication. Many drove the long miles along the Pacific or over the California mountains, each morning, worked all day and often into the night — and they persevered. They spent their lunch hour discussing ways to make the program better, and they spent their spare nickels and dimes to bring "little treats" to their charges. They were splendid.

It would, of course, be fatuous to assume that everyone in the program was totally cooperative and altruistic. As in any human endeavor, there were petty jealousies and infighting. Administration slipped cogs, and people didn't get paid.



Kathy Ausra



Josefina Frances

Prejudice often raised its slimy head. Student teachers railed at established teachers. Administrators often criticized the teaching force. Disgruntled citizens complained of taxpayers' money spent on the program.

Avarice was always present, but day by day, week by week, the program continued. The refugees learned English, how to shop in supermarkets, buy cars, get medical help and get along in the average American community. The gears were in motion and the program ground forward.

The pace was grueling for the volunteer teacher. The day started at 8 a.m. with an in-service training period that ended in a discussion of teaching methods and results. After the in-service, the teachers fanned out to their assigned camps and started classes. In my case, I drove 15 miles to Camp San Onofere to begin teaching and watching the old man roll his cigarettes.

At 4 p.m. the day classes were over. Some of the California-based teachers left the camps to drive home. Many came from as far as 100 miles from the camp and made the round trip six days a week.

A number of us taught night classes. For us, it was a matter of rushing to a restaurant for a quick bite, trying

to complete a few personal chores and be back at evening in-service by 6 p.m. Night classes ended at 10. The night classes held one consolation for me. I couldn't see the old man.

When the program was over — when we had done what we could to prepare the uprooted people to assume a new life in an alien society — we teachers would return to our homes. But what of the refugees?

Many would be sponsored by American families, church or civic groups. For many others, there would be no sponsoring activity. I wondered about the old man. I went finally with my interpreter to talk to him.

He said he had been a farmer in the Phan Rang province. He had left Vietnam, he said, because his son

**... when we had done what we could
to prepare the uprooted people
to assume a new life in an
alien society ...**

One family typical of this group lives in Bellingham. Hue Do was a career officer in the Vietnamese Army. He and his family fled Saigon hours before the Communists took the city. Hue talks of the discomforts and trials of the escape with stark simplicity.

It could not have been pleasant — crowded like cattle on a troopship, living for days without normal creature comforts and always the uncertainty of what to expect at the other end of the line.

The Hue family anchored in Bellingham by way of Camp Murray, the Washington relocation center, and two Bellingham families that "wanted to do a little more."

Dean and Bonita Wiebe and Raymond and Barbara Peabody sponsored the Hues. The sponsorship, typical of what happened throughout the country, involved untold hours of personal effort and monetary expense to get the refugees settled.

Bonita Wiebe said she and her family talked to God before they made the decision. Now, seven months later, she thinks God gave them the correct answer.

And maybe he did. The Hues are settled in a



Kyung Sun Hong

had fought with the Americans, and he feared bloody reprisals from the Communists. He had no sponsor, had attended no classes and had no idea where he would go when the camp closed.

The old man was one of too many who could not, or would not, take root in an alien soil. These unsuccessful transplants will be homeless state charges as long as they live. They'll die a half world away from their ancestral homes, never understanding the forces that disrupted their lives.

At the other end of the scale are the refugees who are managing the transition. As a part of the follow-up program, I've kept in touch with a dozen Southeast Asian families.

Three-fourths of this group are adjusting well to American society. Family heads and, in most instances, other members of the family have jobs. They are buying cars and houses and are studying for their citizenship tests.

**The old man was one who could not,
or would not, take root in an
alien soil**

comfortable home on Bellingham's north side. Hue has a job with the state. His family seems typically American.

Nine year-old Cuong attends a Bellingham public school. He likes to be called Joe. He wants to be a fireman. One daughter goes to a beauty school, another to Bellingham High and a third is taking classes at Eastern Washington State College.

The Hues are assimilating into mainstream America. Evaluation of the massive refugee program, when weighed by the success of this family and others like them, would seem to be totally affirmative.

... But somewhere an old man rolls endless cigarettes and stares back into the past. . .

John Hancock Never Sold Insurance

By Deborah Marie Smith

When in the course of human
to dissolve the political bands which
to assume, among the powers of the
which the Laws of nature and
to the opinions of mankind require
which impel them to separation.
We hold these truths to be self-
that they are endowed by their cre-
at among these are life, liberty, and
re these rights, government
on consent of the gov

Corporate America and Madison Avenue are selling 1976 to get the American people to buy a Bicentennial celebration, complete with American flags on cocktail napkins, matchbook covers and placemats, Dolly madison 1976 birthday cakes and plastic red, white and blue liberty bells.

But the celebration makers conveniently forgot to tell Americans that this is the Bicentennial of a revolution — a revolution that threw out an established, entrenched government, overthrew tyranny and put the controls of the economy in the hands of the people. A revolution that gave the common man "certain inalienable rights." At least for a time.

If it weren't for the words of our radical founding fathers having been preserved, much of this nation would stumble blindly into the gaudy, spectacular year. And if it weren't for organizations like the People's Bicentennial Commission which is devoted to reviving, publishing and living these words, the Bicentennial would be as devoid of the revolutionary as America's tinsel, garish Christmas celebration is devoid of the spirit of Jesus Christ.

The People's Bicentennial Commission is a national organization that prints material for local, grass-roots PBC chapters. Its main purposes are to reacquaint people

with the founding principles of this nation — like life, liberty, economic freedom and equal rights — and to teach people how to apply these principles to their own personal economic lives.

They see the giant corporations as modern-day Tories, opponents to be fought so all Americans can own their jobs, and exercise some control over their economic future. Environmental responsibility is an equally important part of the PBC's objectives.

Roger-Dave Hardesty is a co-founder of Western's PBC branch. A direct descendant of Peyton Randolph, president of the first Congressional Congress, Roger hails from New Jersey. From offices in the Viking Union, Western's PBC coordinates activities like the free showing of "The Selling of the Pentagon" last month.

Hardesty said the PBC is concerned with carrying out the right granted in Declaration of Independence: that whenever any government becomes destructive to the

life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of the people it governs, the people have the right to alter or abolish it, to institute a new government laying its foundation in such a way to affect their safety and happiness.

"The main thing we're pushing is economic democracy," Hardesty said.

But would such a major change have to come through violent revolution?

"No. I'm non-violent," Hardesty said. The second American Revolution can come through existing structures, he believes, like working with unions for control of the jobs and through the ballot box.

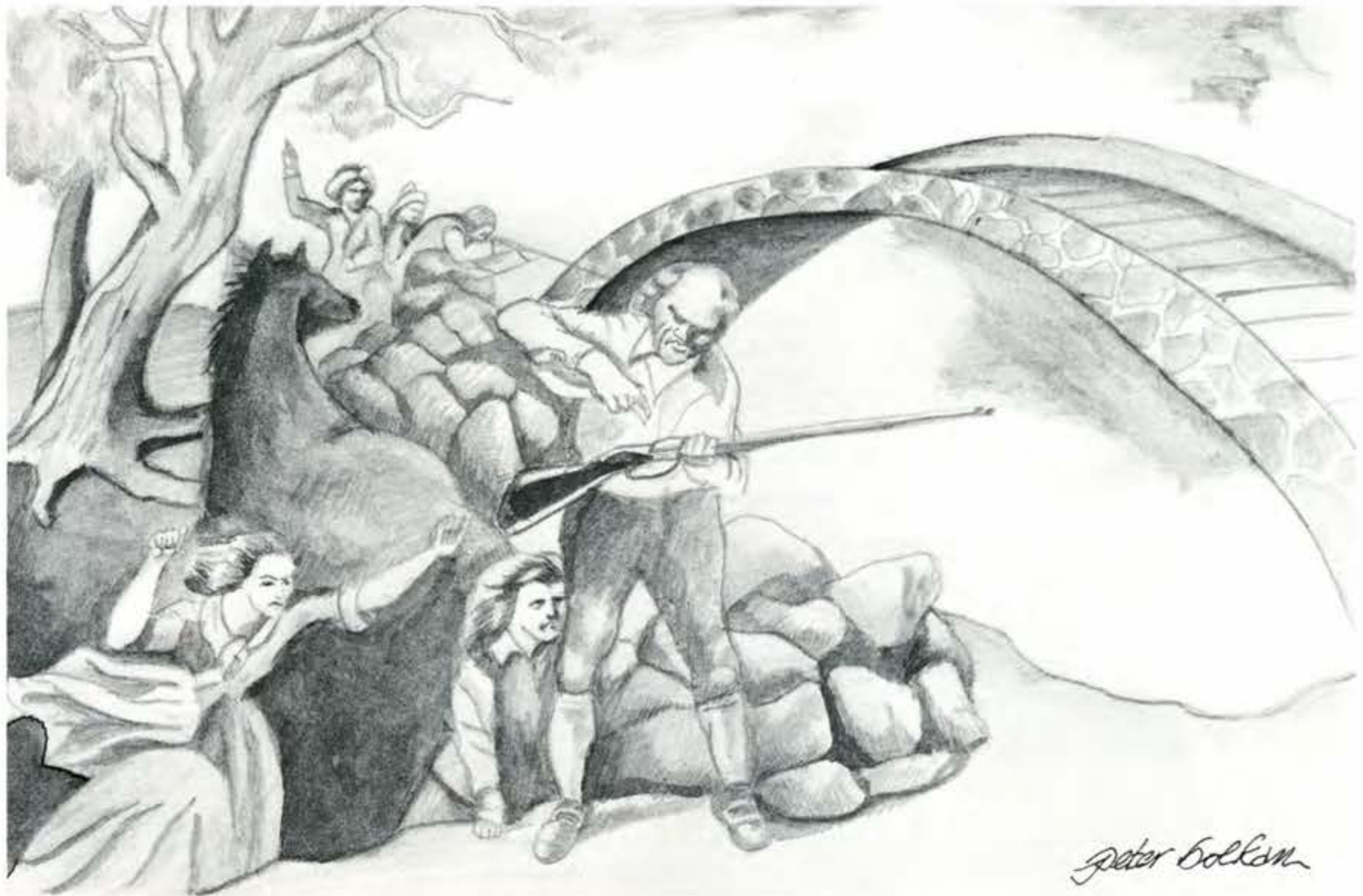
But aren't Americans too content to want to change things? Wouldn't they rather just let things go on like they are?

prosecution for any illegal action if he felt what he was doing was right at the time.

The bill seems to indicate vague references to what constitutes conspiracy could endanger many innocent Americans.

Roger said he would also like to see things like KUGS, the campus radio station, invite students to write intelligent letters to their Congressmen. The letters could be read over the radio, then sent to the Congressmen. KUGS officials have so far rejected this idea, he said.

Western's PBC recommends that "Voices of the American Revolution," a Bantam Book published by the National People's PBC, be made the book of the quarter for next quarter. The book contains quotes that could be considered revolutionary like "The Young people are



Roger's reply cited a public opinion poll conducted by Hart Research Associates that found one of three Americans believes that our capitalist system is on the decline, and two out of three favor basic changes in our economic system. And 56 per cent of the public say they would definitely support or probably support a presidential candidate who favored employee control of United States companies.

Since Western's PBC is on a college campus, Roger said he is working for more college-community cooperation. "Term papers done by students can be relevant," he said. "Research work done on campus could be used to benefit the community." The People's Research Organization of the Bicentennial Commission is a valuable resource, too, he said. They are now seeking to publicize Senate Bill 1 which seems to excuse any government official from

right in fighting for their God-given native liberties," and "Let us disappoint the men who are raising themselves upon the ruin of this country." Both were spoken by Sam Adams in 1776.

The Whatcom County-Bellingham Bicentennial Committee, however, does not sanction either the Western or Bellingham chapters of PBC. Page one of the Bellingham Herald Jan. 4 issue reported that the PBC, which is seeking a "Civic revival throughout the country in 1976 in order to develop more citizen power, is not a sanctioned activity as it is not supportive of our type of government." The quote is from the Whatcom official chairman Neil Lathrop.

The Seattle Times of Nov. 17, 1975 quoted the United States Chamber of Commerce as calling the PBC "dangerous," and the American Legion calling it

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.

"They produced buses that broke down, produced the parts to fix the buses, trained the mechanics — and the automobile sold really well."

Whether the PBC will be effective is still unknown. "The American Revolution took eight years of bloody conflict," Hardesty said. "We are willing to spend eight years to set America back on the track. If there's any interest left in America, we'd like to channel it."

"Frightening." A member of the Bellingham PBC said the public blasting was "the best endorsement that we could possibly get. King George III no doubt referred to the 1776 revolutionaries as dangerous and frightening. There are a lot of Tories in the country today."

But if some groups think publicizing the founding principles is frightening, others find it very positive. When Ralph Nader spoke to Western students last December, he said of the PBC, "If you ever need any example of how a few people can make a very significant impact, look at what they're doing. They have discredited the official Bicentennial effort, corporate style, in the country. They've stopped it in its tracks."

Roger and others were influenced by Nader then to form Western's chapter. Until then, Hardesty was not especially political. But he was bewildered and disillusioned by the justice system because of several legal hassles that had frustrated him. For two years, he had fought a sex discrimination case through New Jersey state courts after he had been refused hiring for having long hair. Roger saw this as blatantly sexist, but was disappointed when nothing came of his struggle.

But he saw the PBC as a way to get involved in making a non-violent and effective change. Like the early Americans, Roger feels important economic change can be brought about through trade boycotts, by refusing to buy any more shiny new products. "General Motors subverted mass transit in the 1920s," Hardesty said.

totally dissolved; and states, they have full power

conclude peace, contract alliances and establish commerce

and to do all other acts states may of right do.

declaration, with a firm

Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

"I am going to give it my best to see if there are any other patriots. Like my ancestor Peyton Randolph, I am pledging my life, my fortune and my sacred honor."

Hardesty could echo the words of Sam Adams to challenge his fellow Americans: "If you love wealth better than liberty, the tranquility of servitude better than the animating contest of freedom, go home from us in peace. Crouch down and lick the hands which feed you. May you chains set lightly upon you, and may posterity forget that you were our countrymen."

Nationally, the PBC has been matching demonstrations fairly well with the spectaculars staged by the official Bicentennial Commission. At a PBC-sponsored rally, 45,000 patriots gathered at the Old North Bridge on the Concord River to keep vigil on the eve of 200th anniversary of the "shot that was heard 'round the world. The rally for economic democracy was staged "to send a message to Wall Street."

Through the night, through 10 hours dotted with drizzling rain and low temperatures, the people listened to folk and protest songs and to speeches. Richard Chavez, co-director of United Farm Workers, Florence Luscomb, a 92-year old suffragist, Dr. George Wald, a Nobel prize-winning scientist and environmentalist Dr. Barry Commoner were among the speakers. Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger and a host of other musicians entertained the troops with songs like "This Land is Your Land," especially significant in the light of the location and time.

At 9:30 a.m., President Ford arrived at Concord Bridge to kick off the "official" Bicentennial campaign. Ford spoke just a hundred yards from the demonstrators. Among the crowd of PBC patriots could be seen large green and yellow "Don't Tread on Me" flags and posters that said, "Democracy for the Economy" and "Lay off profits, not people."

Chanting "Live free or die!" and "Jobs, not speeches," some flag-bearing demonstrators began wading across the Concord River toward the President. Ford quickly finished his speech and left.

The Boston Herald-Examiner headline read "Radicals Mar Patriots' Day Fete." Obviously, they expected only a tea party.





bruce shuman

by Christopher Buck

In a paucity of garages, legend has it, mice still, indeed, do exist.

This must not be so, according to my father. Swathed in the hollow of his musty garage, amidst sawhorses fleshed with a tangle of rags, rags of the past, of obsolescence, resurrected on occasion for some dirty sort of work, among Dutch Boy paint cans toppled by imbalance, or neglect, my struggling father was taming a plank of screeching redwood with one quite discreet saw. The strung up and hung carcass of a buck in a corner, flinched with shadows of my father's dark frame, instructing the redwood of my mother's concept of time and space, twittering that he mistook for an indictment of the saw, a twittering, a twittering.

A saw paused, to listen. Silence. Again, the charcoal of a shadow flamed across ribs of slaughtered buck swinging slowly in the corner, the saw twittering again, as if sick, or neurotic, twittering. My father knew, then, it could not be the saw.

Only the breathing, now, of 200 pounds of flesh, the huge lungs of my father, sawing oxygen in the pause. Outside, a car fills an instant, rushes a clock. The alert shadow of my father's head, poised in the abscission of noise, eclipses a photograph framing a moment on the wall. Captain George H. Buck, United States Marine Corps, promoted to the office of Major, awarded a brace of maple leaves, pinned to the *dextra and sinistra* of his throat . . .

Casters ! Piano casters! "BOYS!" shook the nexus of kitchen, living room, hall, to the walls of our room. "BOYS!"

"Dad wants us!" my brother shuddered, interrupting our mythology of wooden building blocks. Knocking down our castle of salvation, Carter and I, in our bare and holey socks, rushed from our room, skated on momentum down the hardwood floor of the hall, zoomed through the living room and kitchen, burst through the door to the garage. "SHSH!"

We petrified at the command.

"Boys," whispered father, creating a panic of suspense. "Be as quiet as you can. I think there's a mouse in here, but I can't tell where. Lis —"

"A mouse?" interrupted Carter.

"Yes!" retorted father, as if his son had challenged the obvious. "Now listen closely so we can tell where it's coming from!"

The next few minutes were hours, as the carcass of the gutted buck swung in our eyes, Carter beginning to fidget, my foot being stuck with pins for loss of blood.

Casters. Squickleleequeueak-tpht,tffft. Piano casters!

A voracious pause tossed our eyes into a corner, below fly-scabbed cobwebs and the pendent neck of the buck, its head already mounted on the wall, circumspecting the garage with an impartial stare.

Squickleleequeueak,tpht,tffft.

"There it is again!" affirmed my father. "Hear it?" A hazy nod from Carter mirrored back the suspicion, our father zeroing tympanic membranes toward the corner with a twist of the neck, stern face cocked for incrimination, hammer of the middle ear poised as a gavel over his sentient anvil, with an accusing finger. I cried, "It's in the corner, Dad, it's coming from the corner!"

Dad's military hand motioned an order, as if it were war, Major George H. Buck and his company of two on special mission, pressing forward through rank jungles of the Philippines, through a confusion of webs and snarled rags, cold, oily linoleum fat with the slap of soles, lusting for a terse verdict, the squickling leakage of anguish, squirming beneath the feet of an immediate dream, "The tools, move out the tools!" as Carter grabbed a rake and a pick, and I a fishing rod clutching its gut. "Clear out those paint cans now!" The brush of the Dutch Boy flying across night, dubiously stacked cans shoved to

an epiphany of convincing dunts, Dutch Boy rolling from side to side, convulsing over a broken back, spades of light from the fanged tungsten filament of the overlord bulb, uncovering a sawdust nest and droppings of a mouse, fleeing the spear and net of light, the Day of Judgment too punctual, the mouse crashing madly against the wall, under the hulking, pendulum, tower of a deer, — the panicking mouse, infected with dread, racing against destiny — stabbing our ears with shrieks, squickleleequeak, squickleleequeak. Frantic paino casters, oh, Stop it! Stop!

A surprised silence. Dad's booted foot, sliding on the pulpy nest of sawdust and newsprint, shredded to an accessible guess. It was evident. The mouse had hidden behind a dead battery, long forgotten, inert, yet acid to the touch. Black throwback of another year.

My father's forecast of a shadow pointed to me.

"The oven pipe, Christ. Get the oven pipe."

A few days back, we had mismantled an old stove from one of dad's duplexes — "dumps," he would call them. It was the first time I had seen cockroaches.

The tunnel of tin limped through the dark, invaded by the feeble bulb that kept champing from the ceiling, destiny marching toward its conclusion, a king and two pawns advancing on the checkerboard floor of the garage, the king wielding his sceptre of tin. We inched round the battery. The mouse, surrounded by a mountain range of toes, and our father's boots, its possibilities hocked by our feet.

Silence. Dad's right hand lowering to a grip on the battery, deus ex machina, his left hand armored with tin, snapping back at the viper of light, the right hand ready, impervious to black acid, ready, ready.

AAAAH CLANG! The battery tugged out with a shout, the barrel of tin slammed to the floor, father collapsing to his knees with glee, robbing the mouse of escape, whirring in the cylinder, the mouse bolting in our stomachs to the flang of cinched tin, bitten at last into tile, lobs of its peewee skull pranging against a reality metaphysicists deny — thumping squeaks piss-wet tail scurrying against time, its tinny voice pitting its wind against the sniggering Fates, its pleas and shrieks quivering our lips, oh, God, make less a monster of our father.

"Get a can, Carter, the peaches, hurry!"

Carter whimpering to the shelves of canned goods, over towards a pretense of order, grabbed a four-pound tin of peaches with his quaking fingers, presented that mercenary metal to Dad, fighting tears, Carter and I, sucking hot globs in our throats, the oven pipe squeaking like casters, dad's taranular hand suspending the can, craning over to the mouth of the pipe, the mouse, that dumbstruck runt of flesh, paused in its tracks, rose up on its haunches, peered at the tombstone of tin rolling overhead, eclipsing the monster eye, an eye that could gobble its head, dad, why are you waiting, do it now or don't make us go through it, the mouse now spinning in tin, cringing at the ceiling of peaches, recounting all of its hours in a blur, paced by the arc of a carcass, holding its final Sabbath with black, baptising our foreheads with an unbearable sweat. The mouse pummelling its own shadow, which is now the shadow of the world — the shadow its fresh effigy, all tasks too treacherous for the asking, demanding an epic of a guess, the peaches shrink to a ratching scream, a ratching metal squist that rips our gristle to an erupted flood, vomit the crumpled pulp sliding from under itself, the cancellation of all doubt, the death warrant affixed by the squishing sound, the globules of hammered fat crawling in our brains, oh, how can we escape that god-awful sound that bolts in our veins, yes, yes.

Mother was glad it was done. Hickory-dickory dock. Our hearts limp.

ode from a proofreader

To: the editor
Subj: A treatise on the new journalism

Dear Vince,

12:55 a.m. Agonizing. That's all I'm doing, agonizing. The house is quiet, save the tapping of this antiquated typewriter. Shhh---not too loud or I'll wake everyone. Wait. Why should I be quiet? The trailer on I-5 are loud enough. My feet are getting cold. Agonizing, that's all I'm doing. It seems like two hours since I started reading Chris Buck's story. When will it ever end?

Style is important. I doubt anyone would ever be so bold as to question the uniqueness of Buck's style. What I do question, as the electric coffee pot burps and gurgles and I think I've smoke a pack of the dirty week from Kentucky, is why am I given pages of copy with one sentence per page strung together with commas, ending every other word in ing, it is driving m- insane, why, you ask, it must be cold standing one the front porch reading this at 7 a.m., I'd ask you in if I were awake, but you must hurry, the typesetter is waiting, but I want you to read this, I think some coffe grounds are stuck between my teeth, well, the pot gurgled again, what can I say, peaches down a tin tube, crushing a mouse, slaughtering something, living in a world of Christopher, Carter and mom and the major. fuck.

New journalism is an attempt to write reality. It is not an attempt to nauseate the read. Nausea...that's what I feel. I pour through this bullshit because I'm paid to, but what of the reader? New journalism does not mean not using English. New Journalism is communicating in a forceful manner what must be said. This piece does not. This piece does not. It strings me out. I'm dying to find a verb. Or where a sentence starts and ends. By now, you've probably made it back to the office. Take a minute to re-read Christopher Buck's piece. The refrigerator is humming. My feet are colder now. Gurgle again. The coffee pot, the refrigerator, the typewriter and me. I have no idea, no, not an idea in hell what "The brush of the Dutch Boy flying across night, dubiously stacked cans shovel from side to side, convulsing over a broken back, spades of light from the fanged tungsten filament of the overlord bulb--" fuck. Why am I bothering to type this? It wasn't worth typing the first time...

lou

1:55 a.m.

by Lynn Truckey

THE OTHER VICTIM

Public recognition of male/male rape is growing. This increased awareness is due, partly, to the efforts of a nationwide organization called Men Against Rape. Formed first in America's prisons, the group spread its resources into the cities and towns because of the increasing brutality of men by other men within the society at large. As I write this, a chapter of Men Against Rape is organizing in Bellingham. As an auxiliary to the already existing Rape Relief center, the group will effect two functions.

The first is to counsel men who have been raped. Rape of a man or a woman is only secondarily a sexual crime. Susan Brownmiller, author of *Against Our Will*, wrote: *Prison rape is usually seen today for what it is: an acting out of power roles within an all male, authoritarian environment in which the younger and weaker inmate, usually a first offender, is forced to play the role that in the outside world is assigned to women. It seems likely that the perverted mind of any rapist operates within similar concepts.*

Homosexual rape is, in my opinion, even more terrifying to the victim because he is completely unprepared. In the trauma that follows he has no one to turn to for help who is going to understand. Only one male rape victim has asked for help from the local Rape Relief center, and he had to talk to a woman, because no one else was available. Lori O'Neill, Whatcom County Rape Relief Co-ordinator, is certain that many more homosexual rapes happen in this area, but go unreported.

Susan Brownmiller suggests a reasonable answer: *I have listened more than once to the Story of the homosexual youth who tried without success to convince his local precinct that he was beaten and raped by some strangers he met in a bar . . . To the cops, the raped youth was nothing more than a faggot who "was asking for it."* It might be assumed that homosexual rapists do attack homosexuals or bi-sexuals, but the slightly built, non-violent man who is

neither, simply a victim, would have an equally difficult time convincing the police. An overwhelming sense of shame might, instead, force him into a quiet corner to recover from a wound whose scars are likely to run very deep.

Community awareness, fostered by Bellingham Men Against Rape, will hopefully ease some of the social stigma that might drive a victim into hiding. The presence of the new organization will allow a victim to talk either to men or women. Their help will hopefully encourage victims to seek them out and report more rapes, adding another dimension of awareness to authorities.

The second function of Men Against Rape is for the husbands, fathers and friends of women who have been raped. The impact of rape on the men closest to women victims is often deep and unpredictable. *Blaming the girl, according to O'Neill, is one of the biggest aftereffect problems. They, the men, start doubting: did she ask for it? what did she do to make him rape her? It is hard for them to accept that she was just a victim, in the wrong place at the wrong time. Obviously larger issues are important here, but rape counseling is a beginning.*

The male advocates of Rape Relief hope to achieve a certain understanding with the victims male partner. It is essential that the men understand that it is a time for support of their wives or girlfriends or daughters.

Rape Relief maintains a 24 hour crisis line, backed by female counselors. Because the Men Against Rape counselors are, at this stage, only beginning, they will not be at the 24 hour number. If, however, a male victim calls, or there is a problem with a male relative of a woman who has been raped, the male counselors can be reached.

Their organization is embryonic, requiring training and time, but Men Against Rape in Bellingham have started something to stop something, or at least to help. What more can they do?

Chronicle of Diversification

Native Americanation.
Generation in isolation.

Exploration.
Americanation revelation.
Caucasion invasion.

Fascination.
Insinuation.
(education, irritation)

Miscegenation.
(adulteration)
Exploitation.
(aggravation)
De-forestation.
("abomination!")
Agriculturation.
(lamentation)

Protestation.

"Manifestation Destination."
damnation!"
"Civilization."
"fornication!"
Alienation.
Frustration.
Protestation.
Argumentation.
Reciprocation.

Recalicitration.

Domination.,
Subjugation.

"Appropriation."
"misappropriation!"

Caucasion articulation:
"Misrepresentation codifocation.
Equivocation; re-negotiation.
Abrogation."

Origi-nation:
"Discrimination translation!
Misinterpretation. Equivocation!
Rationalization!
Vindication—reclamation,
reparation!"

"Damnation!
Misappropriation!"



Marilyn Morganroth





Gary Bertram



Gary Bertram



Argumentation.
Exhortation.

Arbitration
Legislation.
DeCodification.

Annunciation:
"Reservation.
Americanation preservation,
perpetuation."

Manipulation, degradation!
Expropriation!"

Americanation transplantation.
Segregation.

Exhortation:
"Repatriation . . ."

Non-communication.

Frustration.
Tribulation gestation.

Maturation.
Aggregation nation.
Acculturation
—diversification.
Adaptation
Maladaptation.

Capitalization.
Resource exploitation.

Population.
Overpopulation.
Frustration,
agitation.

Arbitration.
Adjudication explication:
"Non-equivocation.
Administration observation.
Co-operation participation."

Aggregation articulation:
"Damnation!
Misrepresentation!

Frustration.
Alienation.
(Self-realization?)



Bud Rechtermann

by Bud Rechtermann

independently poor

by Marla McAllister



I have been poor for a long time, four or five years. It's something I'm used to. Living in LaConner, I found out where the best deals on just about anything were, but when I moved to Bellingham, I didn't have a clue where anything was, even if I could afford to buy. So, I started checking around.

I needed a place to live, and was lucky. A friend told me about the Co-ops at Fairhaven. I applied just when a vacancy opened and got in under the wire, though I lived for a short while at the Salvation Army's temporary housing for women and children. There were no fees and



food was free. The Lighthouse Mission has housing for single men in their dorm and meals are also provided. Later I learned that the YWCA and YMCA will also find permanent housing.

Interest led me to other agencies. Had I been a family looking for a house, I might have qualified for government housing programs. The Bellingham Housing Authority on York Street defines a family as (1) two or more persons tied by blood, marriage or adoption (2) a disabled/handicapped single person or (3) an elderly couple or individual 62 or older. The B H A expects the family to be able to pay 25% of their income for rent. They pay the landlord the difference. I also discovered a place called Good Housing for Low Income Citizens. Their number is 734-4539.



Someday I want a house of my own. In my travels I learned about the Farmers Home Administration, funded by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. They have low interest loans to individuals and companies for the construction, purchase or repair of homes in the rural areas of Whatcom County. The eligible are those who are unable to obtain sufficient credit at reasonable rates and terms. They are required to repay the loans at sometime.

If I owned a house, and it was in need of repair or winterization, the Whatcom County Opportunity Council and the Department of Social and Health Services each offer grants between \$350-500. Priority would be given to the most needy. The Senior Activity Center and Project Hope will give the same kind of help to the elderly and handicapped.

After I had moved into the co-op, I noticed a bulletin board ad which sought a student to live with an elderly lady. All that was required



was light housekeeping and cooking. A small salary was included. Such ads often appear.

Even the poor can stay healthy without much money. There is no preparation time involved in eating an apple or an orange. They're cheaper and more nutritious than a greasy hamburger. But fruits are still not enough. Looking for a better way, I discovered a free food store called the Bellingham Foodbank on Gladstone. It's open Monday, Wednesday and Thursday from 12 until 3. The food there is donated or from government surplus. Project Concern operates a similar store in Ferndale.

As soon as I have time I'm going to apply for food stamps. I can earn up to \$215 a month and still qualify. At the co-op we buy our food wholesale from the food Co-Op on Harris. We get our staples, flour, wheat germ and the like, from there.

Last year I dried a lot of fruit and vegetables. Most of them were surplus from fields, left after farmers had harvested. Many times I was allowed to pick up the surplus, just by asking. I was told no only once. Drying foods is the best preservative method. The food retains all the



vitamins and minerals, and a dryer is easy to build. Simply suspend two large (2' x 3') racks made like window screens above a heater stove to provide a source of flowing warm air. The finished products can be stored in clear glass containers or crockery.

Freezing is another good way to preserve winter foods. I made a freezer out of an old refrigerator by installing a new thermostat. It works just fine. More care, however, needs to be taken to preserve some foods for freezing.

I'm a nut about clothes, but most of the time I can't afford to buy new ones, so I stop in second-hand stores or at garage and rummage sales. The Good Earth building in the Fairhaven district gives free clothes as do the Salvation Army and Project Hope in Ferndale. The Salvation Army will gladly accept clothing from you also. At the low price you pay, you can afford to wear something until you get tired of it, then take it back for someone else.

I had been going to a health clinic in Mount Vernon, but since I have no transportation now (I have a remedy for that also) I looked into the clinic possibilities here. The nurses at the campus clinic in Edens Hall were very helpful when I told them I was just checking out the situation just in case I got sick. They also pointed me toward the Bellingham Family Prac-



tice clinic on Ellis. Four doctors on duty handle whoever comes in. They also accept medical coupons. Planned Parenthood offers examinations, prescriptions, counseling, tests and referrals.

Bellingham Vo-Tech Institute sponsors a free dental clinic one night a week. They offer emergency and temporary dental care. If other parts of your head get sick, you can find help at the Whatcom Counseling and Psychiatric Clinic.

I had a few household bills left over from living in LaConnor, and I learned that the Salvation Army will give a person up to \$100 to pay such bills. Problem solved. They also give money for purchasing food stamps. Project Concern and Project Hope in Lynden offer similar aid.

Most of my schooling is paid by grants. Because I meet the qualifications there are few hassles. It's a simple matter of filling out the proper forms, going through interviews and waiting for the checks.

Well, by this time I know a lot about Bellingham. I am fed, clothed, housed, and my old bills are paid. I don't have to get into the scheme that some single women do, conniving a man to take them out for a meal or gifts. It's just not fair to the man. Go out not to get a meal, but because you like the guy. Besides, he may be just as poor as you are. You may even be able to suggest some of the possibilities I've learned. I believe above all, that we must work together. Then someday we won't be poor anymore. At least I won't.





john mc cartney

In Search of the Stereotype

by Scott Johnson

Fairhaven always get treated with kid gloves. In the last five years I must have read twenty stories about Fairhaven and it usually sounds like a wonderful place — utopian. The people of Fairhaven are wonderful, considerate people. But I, for one, knew different.

I'm not jumping to conclusions when I say Fairhaven is a crummy place. There was a time I believed in the dream, but it was a long time ago. Its ideas are very appealing and people still fall for them.

I knew eight or ten Fairhaven students well at one time or another, and they were all good people. I don't say that everyone there is bad. It's the rest. If you've been here very long you know what I mean. Fairhaven — the refuge for the way-out fringes of the radical elite, a pretty good cross-section of weird people, the bastion of self-indulgence and academic laxity. The typical Fairhaven student is a goof-off. Everyone knows that, right? Then why don't stories about Fairhaven find him? Why is it always "Peaches and Cream" at Fairhaven? Would an interview with only Honors students give a true picture of the typical Western student? Give me the bad side of Fairhaven.



I knew I could paint a bad picture of Fairhaven with what I was getting, but I worried about appearing fair. I needed someone who was there all the time. The janitor. He would know. He had worked there when Fairhaven first opened. He recently was transferred back after working several years in other areas of the college.

"Tradesmen refused to come here without a gas mask, if they came at all. You figure out why. When I was transferred back — I thought I was being punished. But things are different now. Now there's mostly Western students living here. It's changed. It's a lot better now. Much better."



I smiled to myself over the line about gas masks. I knew why the place smelled bad. But things had changed he said. I'd heard that. Fairhaven's dorms were mostly Western students. I wanted to meet the rejects of academia, people with college degrees in witch-doctoring and organic eating. I wanted the typical Fairhaven student. How could I find him?

Walking down the service road behind Fairhaven I took note. I would not close my eyes to the garbage in the flower beds, a Gordon's gin bottle and a see-thru meat tray, a plastic jug and the lid from a dumpster,



orange peels, junk mail in the mud, a half-gallon carton of Jersey milk, piles of odd lumber and broken cars, a farm out of Appalachia. Nor would I ignore the cynism of the graffiti: *As I slide down the bannister of life, I will remember Western as the sliver in my ass.* Nor the naive idealism of the foot-high words scrawled on an outside wall. *We are here to liberate ourselves & other persons.*

I needed to talk to as many people as possible. I wouldn't be misled by talking to one or two un-typical Fairhaven students. I picked up an off-campus phone list of Fairhaven students.

What were they like? All were 20 or older, most were upper division. Not ONE fit my long-held opinion of Fairhaven students. They were all excited about Fairhaven and what they were doing. These are their words — with as little comment as possible. Form your own opinion.

What were you looking for at Fairhaven?

I knew I wasn't going to take classes people wanted me to. I would take what I wanted. Fairhaven is what you make of it. We're not following a set path. A Math/Science student.



Fairhaven is different for everybody. A Music student.

I wanted to shape my education. I've been disillusioned at times but I'm glad I came to Fairhaven. It's right for me, but maybe not for everyone. A student of American History and Women's Studies.

I dropped out after my first year. When I came back I was more into academics. I found what I wanted to do. A student of Social Theory and History.

It's the first place I've found that applies the idea of whatever you put into something is what you get out of it. It's been excellent for me. I wanted to search for what interested me. Not without structure. You need structure. In ways, Fairhaven needs more structure.

I was looking for a more articulate and helpful faculty and I didn't find it. But the community was there and it's still there. I do what I wanted to do. In that way I've found what I was looking for at Fairhaven.

Wait a minute.

I spent an entire evening calling people at random and I hadn't talked to one typical Fairhaven student. This woman tells me nine of ten don't work hard and everyone I talk to works hard. Where are the goof-offs? I started asking — Have I, in my attempt to find out about Fairhaven, been talking to a typical Fairhaven student?



I just wrote my high school a letter saying what a great place it is . . . especially if you're not sure what you want to do. I got a lot of encouragement and came in contact with many ideas. But you have to be able to handle the freedom of Fairhaven. At first I took too many electives. There's a challenge if you want it. I lived in a co-op dorm for two quarters. I was glad to move to a quieter place, but I'm glad I went there first. Most people did their share, but it was obvious who wasn't working. They moved out before too long. We had problems. There were 8 or 9 vegetarians and the rest were meat-eaters. When they butchered a pig the meat-eaters wanted to hang it in the refrigerator. It went back and forth. The vegies didn't want a dead pig in their refrigerator and the meat-eaters said the vegies were squeamish. Anyway, little problems like that get worked out.

Are you typical?

There are more diverse people than I've seen anywhere. But I'm not typical. I care more. Maybe ten percent of Fairhaven really works hard scholastically; said a woman who helped start the Co-op dorm.





Are you typical?

No I'm not. The typical Fairhaven student leans more towards philosophy, more towards . . . towards taking an orchard class . . . you know . . . Outback . . . learning to take care of yourself. From taking care of yourself to feeding goats. They're heavy into philosophic literature. I'm not into that. A 21 year old dance student.



The typical student comes here not knowing what he's looking for, they mess around and dabble. Those who stay find what they're looking for and are still Fairhaven students. They put their efforts into studying. What people see is people sitting around fucking off. The people who are working are off somewhere else. A woman who has been at Fairhaven four years.



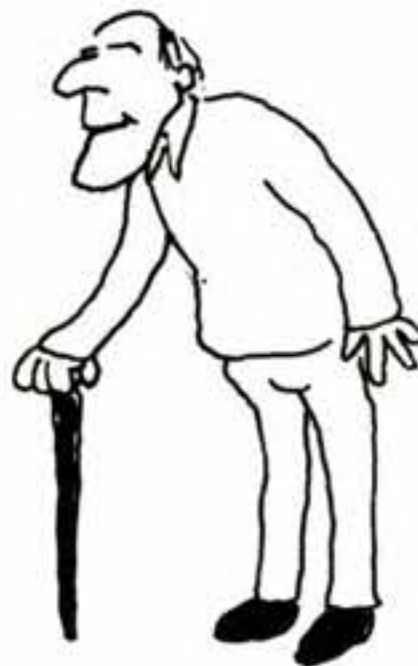
I haven't met many people who are just hanging on. Most I've met are oriented to some goal. A transfer from Evergreen.

A 23-year-old Accounting major: I don't associate too much because most people don't like business. But we get along pretty well. I'm using Fairhaven to further myself. It's a far-out place and I'm getting my degree.

Most people are sincere, but they're fooling themselves. They're satisfied with less than they can do. The teachers don't challenge them because it would mean more work for the teachers. They pat their heads and say nice things. People spend too much time talking about what they're going to do — not doing them. A Fairhaven senior.

You can get by with goofing-off your first year or two. But goof-offs don't get far as Fairhaven students.

That's interesting. All night and not one "typical" Fairhaven student. If s/he exists, s/he doesn't answer the telephone on weekday evenings.



What happened?

According to a Fairhaven senior, 90% of the 500 students fit the mold of the "typical" student, the goof-off who doesn't do much and is into weird trips. I can reach only one conclusion. It is the typical student who is the exception and the exceptional student who is typical. Maybe it was a myth all along. The funny thing is that so many Fairhaven people believe it, too. You'd think the people I interviewed were ignorant of the other's existence.

"I'm not typical. If I were, Fairhaven would surge with its collective energy," said one student who obviously believed in the myth. But he said something earlier that might explain it. "There is no communication between people at Fairhaven. It's not too big, but each person has things he's doing and it leaves no time to share. My goal would be to see Fairhaven share with itself the work that has been done. There's not communication between people at Fairhaven."

And, if I may add, between Fairhaven and Western.

NORTHERN SLOPE FOLLIES

by Eileen Haro

The arctic is technically a desert. Only four to six inches of precipitation fall there annually. And like the desert regions of Oklahoma and Texas, large quantities of oil are found beneath the ground.

The Eskimos have known of the oil for thousands of years. They found it seeping from under the tundra and burned it for fuel, a precious commodity in a land where no trees grow, and winter winds plunge the temperature to -75° F. Early arctic explorers learned of the seepage and their reports resulted in the designation of 37,000 square miles of the Alaskan arctic as Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4 in 1923.

By the late sixties, increasing demands for petroleum prompted Atlantic Richfield to determine the extent of arctic oil deposits. Original estimates, now considered low, were put at 10 billion barrels, enough to meet the United States' energy needs for seven years. Since then, oil developers have spent billions of dollars and millions of man hours in an effort to move the oil from Alaska to consumers in the lower 48. The State of Alaska, and the federal government are also sending money and men to the arctic. Their efforts alone are not likely to prevent the destruction of the largest remaining wilderness area in the United States. Oil producers and oil consumers share this responsibility.

The arctic wilderness exists in a fragile balance. The cold winters freeze the tundra and the ocean solid for ten months each year. Summer brings a brief respite from the rigors

of winter. Temperatures occasionally reach 60° in the few months of constant daylight. Twilight at midnight casts warm orange hues over the tundra, as the sun dips down towards the horizon. A new day begins though the old one never ended. Yet the long hours of daylight and the occasional warmth deceives the uninitiated, for freezing tempera-

tures can occur on any day of the year.

During the short summer, the upper layer of soil, or active layer, thaws to a depth of about 24 inches. The ground beneath is permanently frozen. Permafrost allows no drainage of the few inches of precipitation that fall on the tundra. Moisture stands in ponds and marshes. Lichen and mosses thrive on the moist tundra and provide a major food source for the large herds of arctic caribou.

Vehicles driven across the soft summer ground leave tracks, beneath which the permafrost melts. Water collects in these furrows may enlarge to the size of a ditch. In the Naval Petroleum Reserve, scars made several decades ago appear as though they were made yesterday. Modern engineering, used at the Prudhoe Bay oil field, and on the pipeline access road, eliminates the

problem by building thick gravel pads over the tundra. This provides enough insulation to prevent melting of the permafrost, but it also destroys caribou grazing ground and nesting sites for many species of birds. Filled niches in the arctic limit the movement of animals to new areas. When a habitat is destroyed, the life it supports is also lost.

Because permafrost prevents drainage of surface waters, rivers in the arctic are shallow and broad, spreading out in many branched and intertwining channels. River beds, primarily gravel, provide arctic char and grayling with spawning grounds. When disturbed, silt muddies the river water, and can fall on spawning areas, suffocating the developing eggs. Oil developers have permanently displaced 83 million cubic yards of gravel and other natural construction materials. State and federal scientists advise construction crews in selecting gravel removal sites to

minimize the disruption of spawning. But that is all.

Far removed from the arctic, in Washington, D.C., Congress is deciding the fate of Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4. Debate centers around who will administer the reserve, the Department of Interior or the Navy, and what portion of the

The Navy thinks at least 20% should be saved for national strategic reserve, leaving the rest available for civilian use.

The House version of the bill calls for a careful study of the value of the area, considering wildlife as well as mineral resources. Within Pet. 4 is a caribou calving grounds on the Utikok River, and waterfowl nesting habitat in the Teshukpuk Lake region near the arctic coast.

Senator Henry Jackson, proponent of the Senate bill, opposes the surface value study and urges a rapid development program. While debate continues, the Navy moves ahead with an exploratory program.

Legislators are also discussing the location of a natural gas pipeline. Two routes are proposed. El Paso Alaskan Gas Co. suggests a pipeline parallel to the TransAlaska oil pipeline, terminating in the Prince William Sound. The chief virtue of this route would be to confine environmental impact to the existing pipeline corridor. An economic saving would be accrued in using Alyeska's construction camps, storage depots and access roads. However, more icebergs, hazardous to shipping, have

appeared in Prince William Sound as a result of recent glacier activity. Ships bringing gas to West Coast ports would face possible navigational problems.

Alaskan Arctic Gas Co. has proposed a pipeline across the North Slope to Canada and down the MacKenzie River. This line would cross the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in northeastern Alaska. The refuge is the only large area on the Slope that hasn't been disturbed by oil exploration. Facilities needed within the Wildlife Refuge would include six helicopter landing pads, three compressor stations, a 2,400 foot airstrip, two wharves, and materials stockpiles. Gravel, dredged from rivers within the Refuge, would support these structures.

More pipelines will snake across the Arctic as the search for more oil continues. Presently, 56 wells have been drilled and completed in the Prudhoe Bay area. Most wells are drilled on shore or on nearshore barrier islands using technology developed for onshore drilling in other areas. However American oil engineers are following the lead of

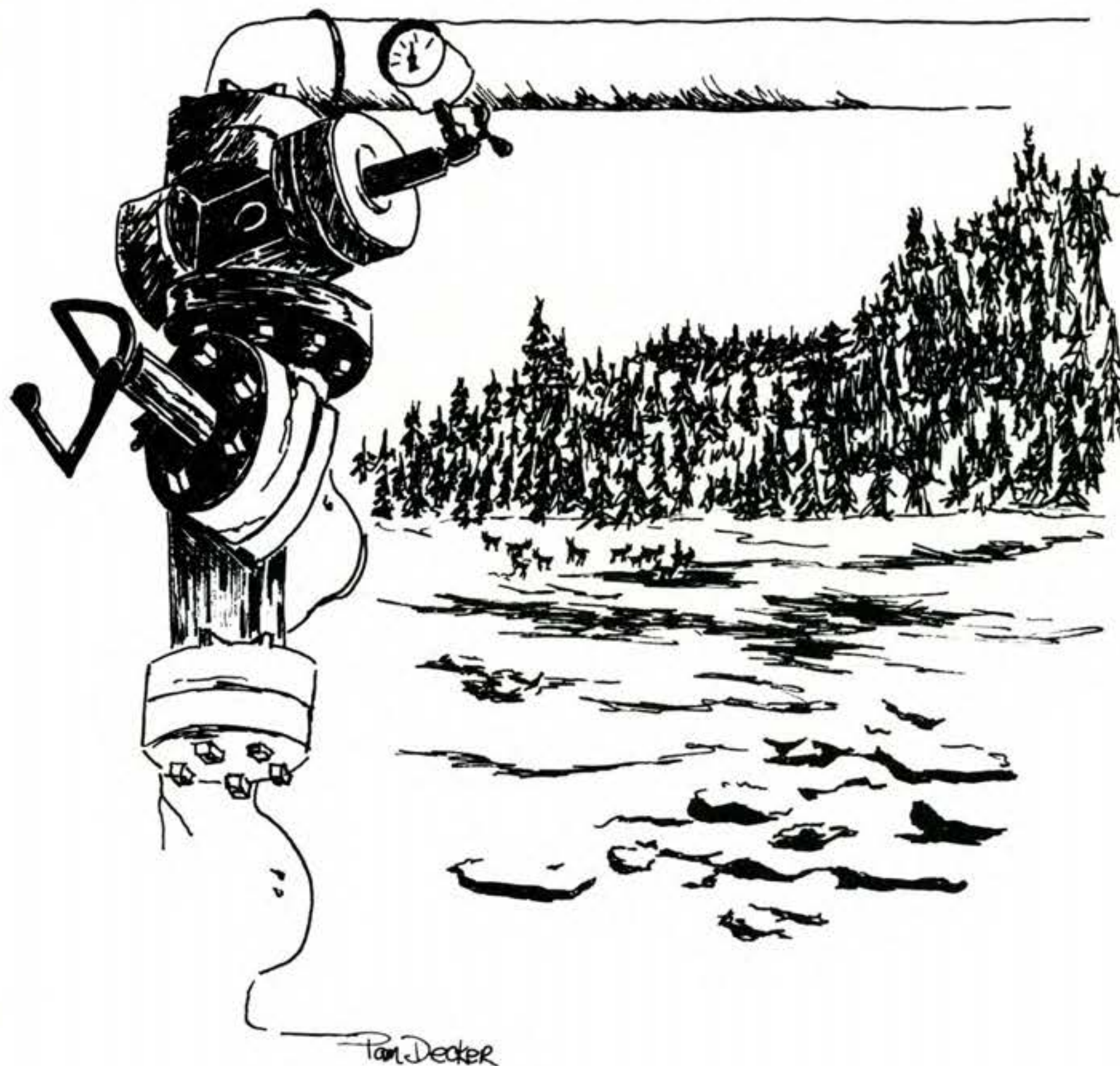
Canadian oil companies and looking to the Arctic Ocean for oil. The crushing force of ice, moved by wind and current remains the greatest problem. In the Canadian arctic, the oil consortium has developed technology for drilling in ice laden waters. Artificial islands are constructed to support drilling rigs. They are made of gravel dredged from the MacKenzie River delta, and used for drilling in waters up to 40 feet deep. Of the six islands built in the MacKenzie, less than half have produced oil.

For drilling in deeper water, ice strengthened drill ships are being constructed. Also planned are ice islands, made by pumping sea water onto an ice floe until it is frozen to a thickness of sixteen feet. The islands accommodate the weight of a drilling rig and are built for \$2 million — a mere pittance by arctic standards.

But risks exist. In case of a blow-out, several months might elapse before a relief well could be drilled. In case of such a disaster driller would set the oil and gas on fire. The trade-off for water pollution would be air pollution.

At present, no technology exists for recovery of an oil spill under the ice. The cold temperature cause oil to solidify into an easily contained gel, but no methods exist for removing the oil. The intense cold inhibits natural processes of oil evaporation and biodegradation that ease the clean-up in warmer waters. Fish and smaller creatures are highly susceptible of oil's toxicity. Marine mammals such as seals, whales, and polar bear, would probably escape damage as they are highly mobile, but contamination could reach them via the food chain.

Extracting oil from the arctic poses great threats to the northern environment, but development will continue. The chances of a major oil spill are high. And who will be responsible? The oil industry, for a mechanical or perhaps human error? The government, for loose regulations or inadequate surveillance? The consumer, who drives his car when he could walk? Ultimately we are all in this together. Only the frozen arctic land and the life it supports remains innocent. . . And vulnerable.





jim biel

Tawona

"One day I received a letter informing me I was married," . . . I was very happy."

"They were puzzled and confused because I did not look like 'an African' . . . I looked like them."

by
Amy Nelson Bristow

Tawona Mtshiya is very careful in describing her thoughts and feelings about her homeland, Zimbabwe. "It is a very complicated thing," she explains.

It is the custom in Zimbabwe to invite a person who knocks at your door to enter, even before you know who the visitor is. You assume anyone knocking at your door has come in good faith. Behind the custom is the idea that the visitor may have been sent by the gods.

Tawona's 103-year-old grandfather told her that when white men first came to the country, Africans called them "men from the gods, without knees" — their trousers hid their knees. But little did the Africans know, he said, that when they accepted the white men, they were inviting trouble.

Zimbabwe, or Rhodesia, is bordered by Zambia, Mozambique, Botswana and the Republic of South Africa. Until 11 years ago, it was part of the British Commonwealth. Last year the government, which is controlled by the white or "European" minority of 250,000 people, celebrated the 10th anniversary of its independence from British dominance.

But the country's five-and-a-half million "African" citizens did not take part. They did not believe they

had independence to celebrate. The minority government does not allow the African majority a say in how the country will be run.

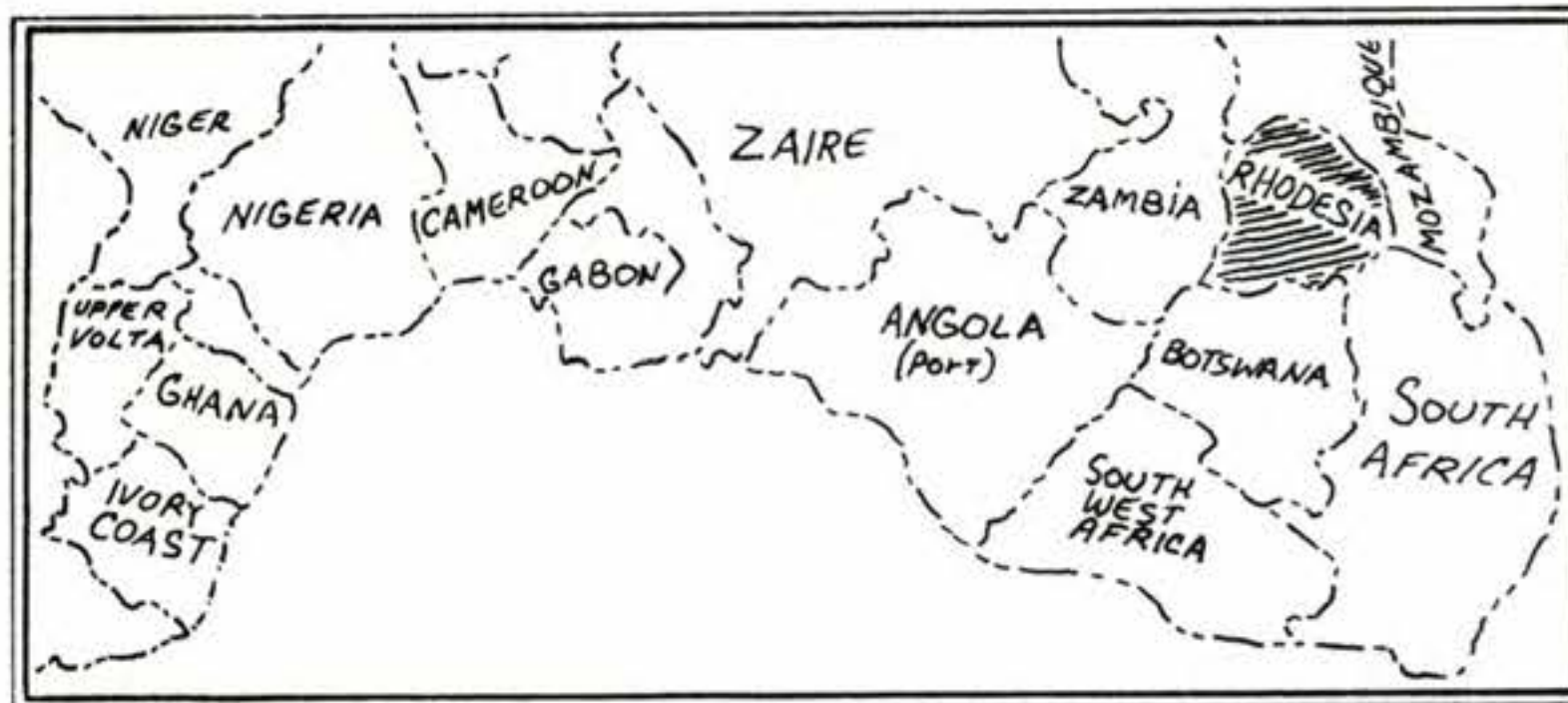
Tawona, now in her late 20s, was born and raised in the city of Bulawayo and worked for a time in Salisbury, the capital. She left Zimbabwe because "opportunities are not that available to Africans (in Zimbabwe). The only way I could further my education was to come abroad."

She is at Western preparing to teach when she returns home. To Tawona, the benefits of a person's education go far beyond the individual:

"Education is important. Those who have had the opportunity appreciate that it is not just for the self, but for the benefit of the community. It is something I can offer to bring a change."

And change is something she hopes for deeply. "I think we can make this a better world if we want to."

Part of Tawona's education comes from living in two very different worlds. She can choose the best from both. When she returns, she says, she must "realize most people haven't had some of the experiences I have . . . I shouldn't feel better off because I've seen a different culture."



She does not like the attitude that one does not need to be concerned about what happens in other parts of the world. "What happens in one part of the world affects the whole. If the person next to you catches fire, it is bound to affect you. If we are aware, we can do something."

Tawona believes people must communicate. It seems especially necessary, she says, in a country like hers where a person must share what he or she has with others.

She tells of a man who chose to have nothing to do with the people living around him. His neighbors decided to teach him a lesson. When one of his children died, none of his neighbors helped the family dig a grave and bury the child. It was a hard thing to do, but it worked. The man learned he needed his neighbors, just as they needed him sometimes.

Communication also helps destroy false and dehumanizing stereotypes, Tawona asserts, and recalls something that happened soon after she arrived in Tacoma from Africa. Some children knocked at the door of the house where she was staying. Tawona answered the door. The children — all about 10 or 12 years old — said they had heard an African student was living in the house and asked to see the student. Tawona told them she was that student — but their response surprised her.

"They looked puzzled and confused because I didn't look like 'an African' . . . they were disappointed because I looked like them."

For educated women and men in Zimbabwe there is some freedom to question sex-based stereotypes and roles. A woman with training can support herself, and does not need marriage for that. But without education, one who questions traditional roles risks social isolation.

Some educated men still favor polygamy, contending that having more than one wife is good because it saves more women from becoming prostitutes. Most of Zimbabwe's people reject polygamy for the one-to-one relationship of monogamy, says Tawona. But there still are those who must "regretfully," as they tell it, take only one wife because they cannot afford more.

The ways educated and uneducated women perceive themselves are different, Tawona says, but she believes they must keep track of the things that tie them together. "I cannot stand isolation. It is not ingrained in me, so I have to adjust to

remain in the circle. If I go to the village, I will go to the river to do my laundry. For if I take it to the city, to the laundromat, What am I saying?

"There are cases of girls who have been abroad who, when they go back, find it hard to find partners. Men cannot stand to be challenged. The girls can get jobs and do all right," she explains, but society still expects them to marry.

Tawona has been in this country for four years, but she sometimes forgets where she is and follows Zimbabwe customs. She finds it hard



Dan Lamont

to call persons older than she by their first names, and her reflex is to bow when she meets them.

Tawona does not even know her mother-in-law's first name. She once asked her husband, but he could only laugh. "He was too shy to tell me," she says. "I think I will write him and ask. Of course I will never call her by her first name, but I want to know."

Tawona has confused some of her friends by handing them a glass of water when they come to see her. In Zimbabwe, it is customary to hand visitors a drink of water before you greet them. A visitor may have just finished a long journey and might drop from exhaustion without immediate refreshment.

Tawona (who is a Methodist) was married according to their customs, she says, because she and her then husband-to-be decided a traditional wedding would mean most to them. They decided to marry when Tawona was in the United States, so her sister

stood in for her during the first part of the ceremony.

"One day I received a letter informing me I was married," she remembers. "I was very happy."

She flew home to complete the ceremony. Relatives from both her own and her husband's families were at the airport to greet her. But when she stepped off the plane her aunt covered her with a cloth. Custom did not favor the husband's family seeing her for the first time in the street. The first meeting should occur inside, after the proper rituals. "People must

have thought I was being kidnapped," she laughs. Rituals dictated that Tawona and her husband could not stay with each other for 20 days, even though Tawona had to return to the United States in 23 days. "We didn't regret," she says. "We wanted it done the traditional way."

Tawona's husband has left Zimbabwe, too, for political reasons. He was involved in the struggle for African rights there and now finds it safer to live in a neighboring country.

"It was very bad for a while," Tawona says. "Anyone who would say anything against the country would be put in jail indefinitely."

She has heard that things are changing, that the minority government is trying to compromise with the majority of the population. She hopes things in Zimbabwe will be improved by the time she returns next year. "The whites should realize they are part of the whole, as all people are part of the whole."





kyung sun hong

V.6
#4

